

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 23 Dec. 1959

THE SILK
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COUNTRY
CIRCUS

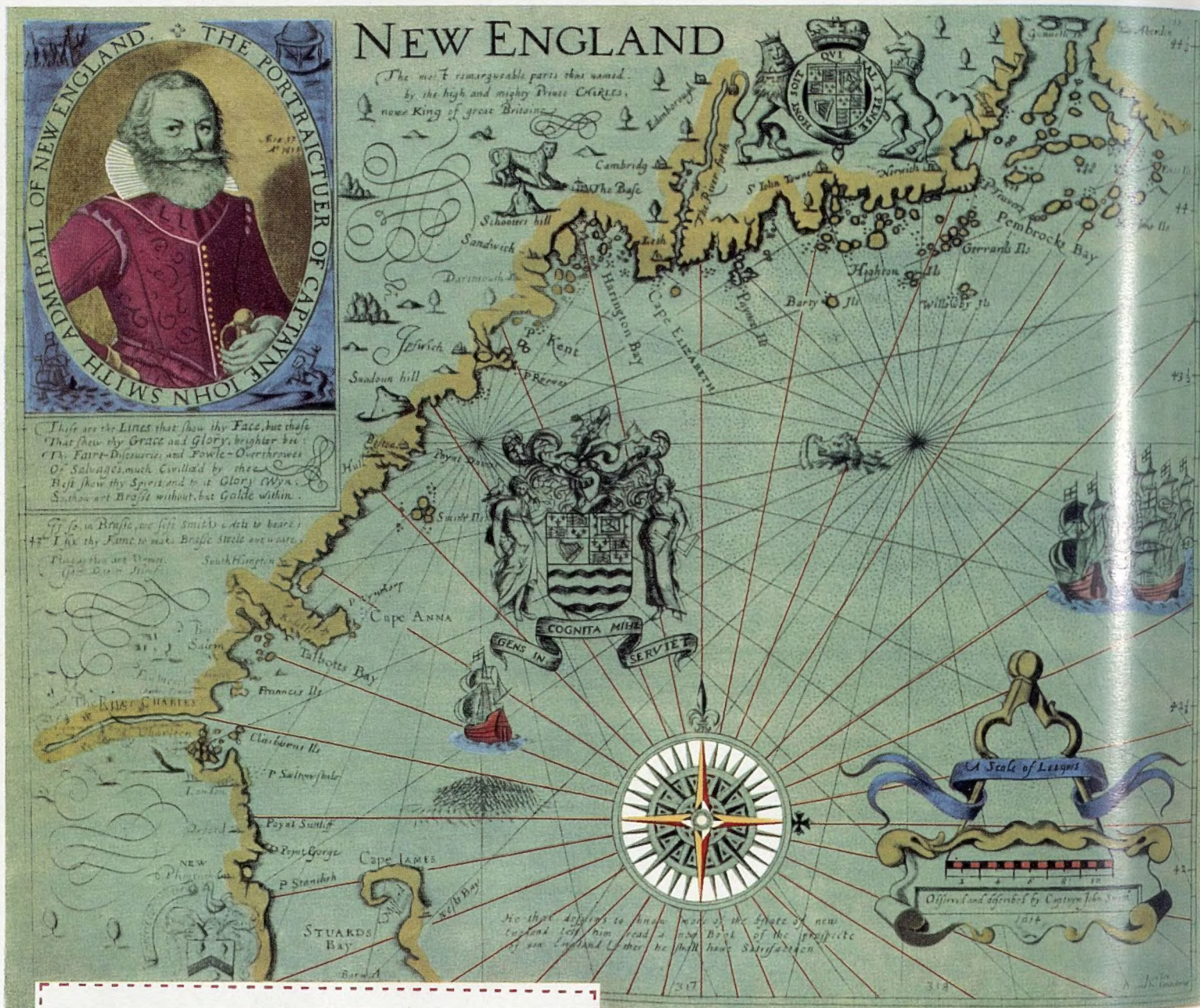
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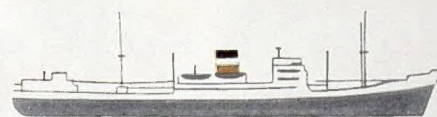
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Original of the map, dated 1614, is in the Library of Congress, U.S.A. This reproduction is made from a copy dated 1616 in the Map Room of the British Museum.

GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

HAPPY CHRISTMAS! That's this week's inevitable beginning, and to back it up there's a mixture with a seasonal seasoning. The COVER FEATURE, on page 715, appropriately guides your thoughts to the Levant with a display of what's super in silk, photographed at some of the stopping-places on the ancient Silk Route —along which caravans were passing a century before Christ. . . . Then, on page 709, Ida Kar presents some photographs that may surprise those who forget that Christianity is not the only eastern creed that has spread far from its source. Called *Oriental Religions Among Us*, it portrays some of the other ancient religions that are practised in Britain. Still with a religious flavour is *The Slaghounds' Mass*, a report likely to interest those who find Christmas incomplete without a Boxing Day meet. It is about the colourful traditional ceremonial that launches the French stag-hunting season. . . . Lighter Christmas touches include an unabashed romantic story by Victor Francis on page 706 called *Marry Christmas*, and some evocative pictures of a *Country Circus* (page 722).

Next week: 60 years of social change . . . Hecoscope. . . The outboarder an outsider?

Final thought: There's still time to get hold of a copy of The TATLER's special Christmas Number, 3s. 6d. from most bookstalls. To fill in idle moments during the holiday it's just the thing.

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 7020)

SPORT Rugby: England v. The Rest, Twickenham, 2 January.

Motoring: Exeter Trial, 8, 9 January.

Squash Rackets Amateur Championship, R.A.C. 8-18 January.

MUSICAL Festival of Nine Lessons & Carols, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and York Minster, 24 December.

"Messiah," Gloucester Choral Society at Gloucester Cathedral, 3 p.m., 26 December.

BALL Royal Festival Hall. New Year's Eve Ball, 31 December. 11 p.m. - 5 a.m. Tickets, £2 2s. (WAT 3191).

ART Royal Academy Winter Exhibition: "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly, 2 January to early March.

Flower Paintings, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., 5-29 January.

Bow Porcelain Exhibition, British Museum, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m., Sundays, 2.30-6 p.m. To April.

EXHIBITIONS 500 Books for Children Exhibition (to 2 January). National Book League, Albemarle St.

Racing Car Show, R.H.S. Old Hall, Westminster. 2-9 January.

Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, Olympia. 28 December-9 January.

CHARITY EVENTS Young People's Ball, May Fair Hotel, 6 January. Tickets, £1 15s. (inc. buffet supper) from Lady Muir Mackenzie, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2 (for the League of Pitty).

Pineapple Ball, Grosvenor House, 7 January. Tickets, £2 5s. (Stoics, 70s. double) from the Hon. Sec., 231 Cromwell Road, S.W.5 (in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys).

Twelfth Night Ball, the Dorchester, 6 January. Tickets £2 10s. each, from the Hon. Treasurer, Miss V. Allen, 227 Edgware Road, W.2 (for the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons).

HUNT BALLS Belvoir (Belvoir Castle), 2 January; North Kildare Harriers (Castletown House, Co. Kildare), 6 January;

Oakley (Corn Exchange, Bedford), 8 January; Woodland Pytchley (Deene Park, Northants), 9 January; Albrighton Woodland, 22 January; Fernie (Deene Park), 23 January; Hampshire (Guildhall, Winchester), V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) (Bingham Hall, Cirencester), 29 January; Bicester & Warden Hill (Kirtlington House), 5 February; Warwickshire (Shire Hall, Warwick), 19 February.

PRaised PLAYS

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 725

Richard II. "... a genuine revitalization of the tragedy . . . challenging new interpretation . . . the experiment was well worth making." John Justin, George Baker, Robert Harris, Maggie Smith (Old Vic, WAT 7616).

The Pleasure Of His Company. "... an engagingly bright, sentimental comedy." Coral Browne, Judith Stott, Barry Jones (Haymarket Theatre, WHI 9832).



FANCIED FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 726

Babette Goes To War. "... the Sex Kitten has never before been so entertaining . . . I recommend the film to you with considerable warmth." Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier, Hannes Messemer, Francis Blanche (Cameo-Royal, WHI 6915).

Gigi. "Two hours of ravishing entertainment . . . it must in no circumstances be missed." Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier (Ritz, Leicester Square, GER 1234).

For your Winter Holidays

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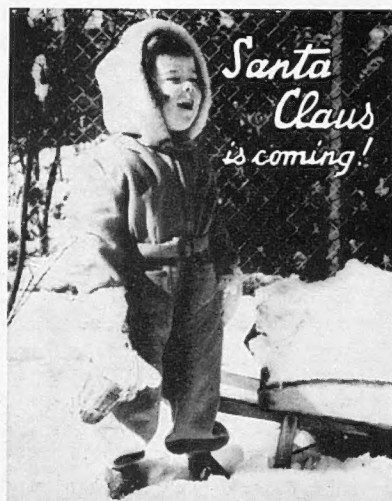
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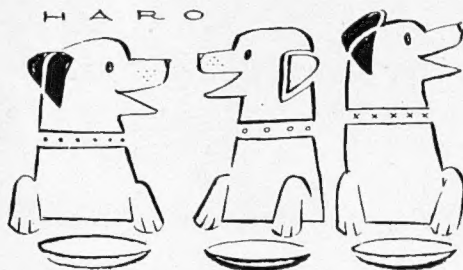
National Headquarters:

Society

14 GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

Table talk

JOHN BAKER WHITE'S GOOD-EATING GUIDE



C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Harrods. The Georgian Room. Luncheon only. (SLO 1234.) C.S. An idea that dies hard is that people avoid the restaurants of large stores and that the food is uninteresting anyhow. A meal in the Georgian Room is sufficient to remove this impression for good. The cooking is first-rate, as plenty have found. From a tour of the kitchens I gained an impression of top-quality products being prepared with great efficiency. The wine list is chosen from the store's own cellars—I need give it no higher praise. Next door, for those in more of a hurry, is the *À La Carte Café*. It specializes in cold dishes, but there are always some hot ones as well. The *pièce de résistance* is a large and attractive help-yourself *smörgåsbord* table. W.B.

Chez Solange, 35 Cranbourn Street. C.S. (TEM 0542.) Rene Rochan, who does quite a lot of his own cooking, comes from Montargis, near Orleans, and his wife Thérèse from the edge of the "Pays de Bresse". The combination ensures admirable cooking, including a *terrine maison*, an extremely special chicken dish, *côte de veau Provençale*, and the like. Their other, and original, establishment of the same name—which is that of their daughter—is in the **White House, Albany Street.** (EUS 1200, Ext. 14.) C.S. The room is as plain as that of a French provincial restaurant, but the food just as good. The Cranbourn Street establishment is open after the theatre. W.B. both.

Jamshid's, 6 Glendower Place, South Kensington. C.S. (KNT 2309.) I am not an expert on curries, knowing only what I like, and unable to detect the finer distinctions of Indian and Pakistani dishes. Jamshid's describes itself as an "Indian Restaurant," and I have found its dishes much to my liking. It is small, but the tables are not cramped, and it is comfortable. The service is good, but patience is an essential part of enjoying a well-made Asian dish. Unlike many of

London's Asian restaurants, Jamshid's is licensed. W.B.

La Belle Meunière, 5 Charlotte Street. (MUS 4975.) C.S. Mario and Gaspar are master-craftsmen working with first-class materials. Wisely they do not worry about an over-elaborate décor, but plenty about their admirable food and wines. A lot of very pleasant people are obviously aware of this fact. Not cheap but excellent value. W.B.

Sorrento, 32 Old Compton Street. (GER 1535.) Small, but adequate space between tables. Good Mediterranean cooking, but not for impatient clock-watchers. The quality of the meat is outstanding. Well known to a number of discerning M.P.s. Not expensive.

Pastoria Hotel Restaurant, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2. (WHI 8641.) C.S. Adrian Pastori, like his father before him, regards cooking as an art. On Thursdays what I believe is the best steak-and-kidney pudding in London is on the menu. Other outstanding specialties include an extremely good *sole maison*.

Chez Gaston, 36 Buckingham Palace Road. (VIC 4974.) W.B. lunch. This establishment, bar upstairs and restaurant below, has both good cooking and a friendly, cheerful staff who go out of their way to make you happy. The Italian cooking is, in my opinion, some of the best in London.

Out of town tip

Wild Duck Inn, Ewen. Kemble (Glos.) 310. Restaurant closed on Mondays. Ewen, 3½ miles south of Cirencester, takes a bit of finding without a map, but the Wild Duck makes the journey worth while. It is a beautiful Cotswold stone house, with an unusually pleasant bar and well-kept beer. The food in the Buttery is imaginative and of a high standard: the cellar has been furnished with care and discrimination. Commander and Mrs. J. W. Ramsay are now the managers, but Mr. Ewan Shaw, who created it from a gardener's cottage, remains in overall control.

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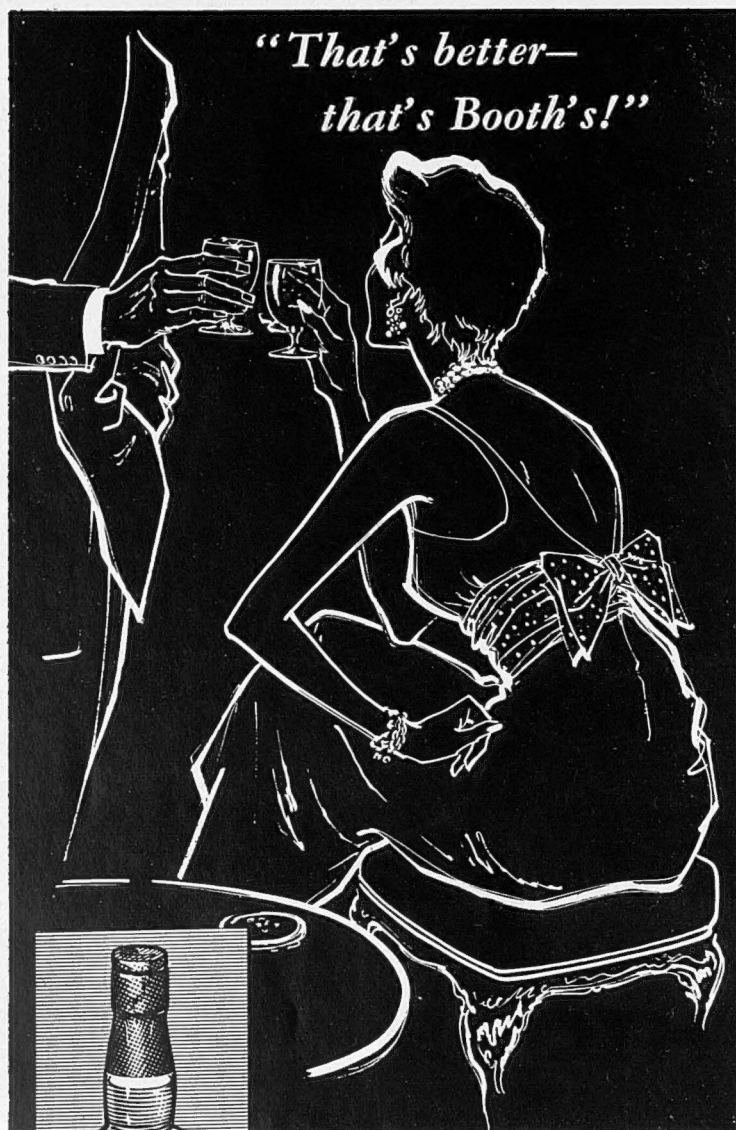
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The Staghounds' Mass

DESMOND O'NEILL photographs and MURIEL BOWEN reports a colourful ceremony held at Bonnelles, in the Forêt de Rambouillet



In the old village church of St. Gervais at Bonnelles the Mass of St. Hubert is celebrated before the opening meet of the local staghounds, the Equipage de Bonnelles. A hunt servant complete with horn and hounds is seen in front of

the altar as the priest (Père Clothilde Cazin, head of the local White Fathers monastery) says Mass. Tunes called trompe de chasse are sounded throughout. At top: A girl follower carries blessed bread to the congregation



Monsieur Jolibois, chef d'equipage (chief huntsman) of the Equipage de Bonnelles, puts on his uniform at the local Café de St. Hubert. The table is laid ready for the breakfast of hunt servants and spectators

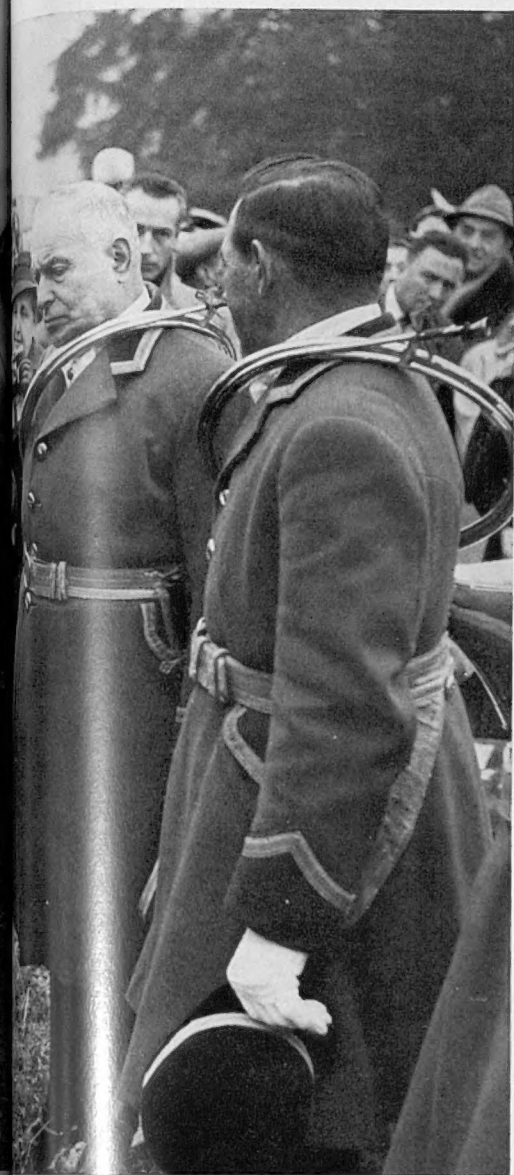


For 24 hours before the meet the hunt servants had reconnoitred separate areas of the forest. Each reported the location of



After the Mass, the hounds were blessed by Abbé Roger Bacher, Swiss priest of the village church. Then, on to the

Hunt followers and spectators walked from the Chateau de Bonnelles to the church for the traditional Mass of St. Hubert.



recommended (this is considered an honour) to the Marquise de Brissac, hunt president, who decided which would be hunted



de Brissac is the grandson of the Duchesse d'Uzès. He is a famous stag-hunter who founded the hunt in 1861

HUNTING IN FRANCE HAS A GLITTER NOT TO BE found elsewhere in the world. Even the kill, which the French insist is the important thing, has a French flavour. It is followed by a blaze of French horns playing hunt tunes. Each gentleman member of the hunt carries a horn—and he goes to music lessons throughout a summer or so to learn to blow it correctly.

There are packs of hounds throughout France. Though their names never make headlines they live and hunt in tremendous style. Taking precedence in fame and prestige over most of the others is the Equipage de Bonnelles, which hunts over 46,000 acres in the Forêt de Rambouillet, south-west of Paris.

The Master, M. Maurice Otto, has achieved success in business but when he bows low with Gallic grace it is for praise of his hounds, not of his business acumen. "Nowadays I only go up to Paris once a week or so," he told me. "I live for my hounds and the hunt." He has devoted years, money, energy and brains to breeding them and they have achieved much success in the field.

In England the big day of the season is the opening meet and it is the same in France. With the Equipage de Bonnelles it occurs on St. Hubert's Day. It's a marathon performance and a great spectacle. The day starts early with the ancient Mass of St. Hubert—patron saint of hunting. This is celebrated in the church of St. Gervais in the little forest village of Bonnelles.

At dawn the hunt staff and the first spectators started to arrive. Those not taking Holy Communion had breakfast laced with cognac at the appropriately named Café de St. Hubert, opposite the church. Horses and riders followed. The riders, booted and spurred, took their places in the front pews of the little Roman Catholic church with its white lace altar-linen and heavily embellished candlesticks. Grooms held the horses outside—France still has male grooms!—but one of the hounds, leashed to a hunt servant, led the parade of riders up the aisle. From the *Gloria* onwards the gentlemen of the hunt played their traditional music "*Le Trompe de Chasse*." Part of the service consisted of the blessing of the congregation and I was told that years

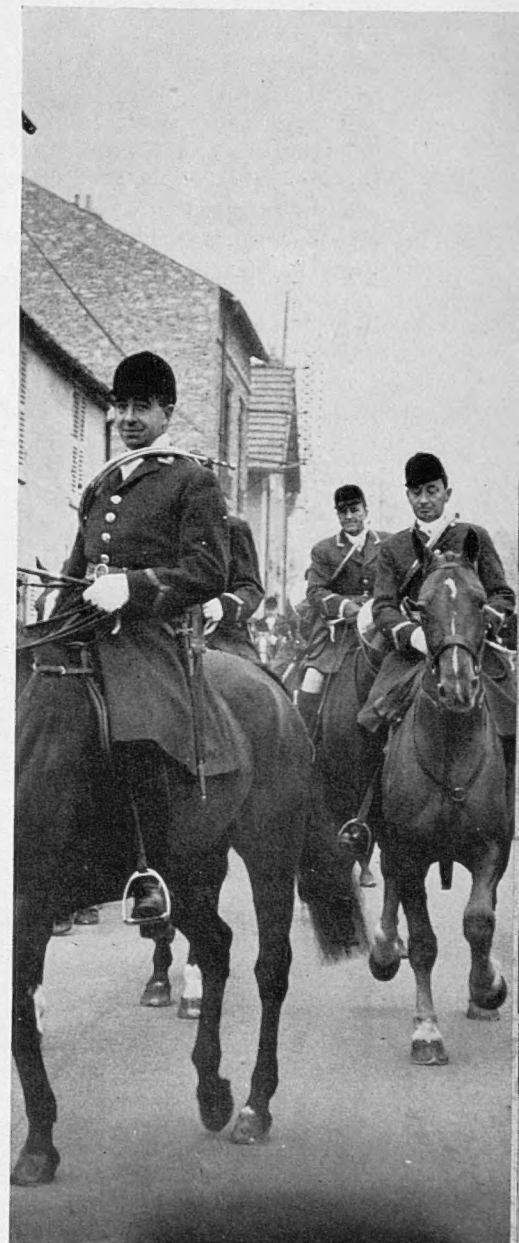
continued overleaf



Most of the hounds are kennelled together at Rambouillet, but some are looked after by local farmers like Monsieur Foujuron



Madame Georges Marchal (Dany Robin, the film actress) has been a follower of the hunt for the last nine years. Women followers ride astride and wear skirts



The hunt moves off down the main street of Bonnelles to the forest of Rambouillet

MURIEL BOWEN

continued

ago, when hunting was considered more dangerous than it is today, the riders also went to Confession.

Dignity, solemnity, splendour and colour were interwoven in a ceremony which to eyes from this side of the English Channel comes near to mixing the sublime and the ridiculous. Mass over, the congregation filed out of the church and crossed the road to the courtyard of the village inn, where they had refreshments of sweetened white bread and good white wine. Mingling with the hunters was the local mayor, **M. Le Mareschat**, who earlier had pinned a welcoming sign to his front gate, framed between antlers. The hunt doesn't often meet at Bonnelles—anyway not as often as the mayor would like.

There must have been close on 100 riders at the meet, and out hunting I've never seen such charmingly dressed women. They wore scarlet coats of the hunt with blue-and-gold trimming. Their hard hats were of a becoming tricorn shape, trimmed with gold braid and the brim filled with black ostrich feathers ("French hat very heavy, English hat very practical," they sighed). They also wore blue skirts over their breeches, a very feminine touch and because "men insist."

The men wore jackboots and they had swords dangling from gold-brocaded belts. They also wore English hunting-caps. They used to wear hats like the ladies but some years ago they tired of knocking them off their heads every time they wanted to blow their horns. "Anyway I think it a good idea that we should have an English touch about our dress—all that's best in hunting tradition is English and French," the **Duc de Brissac**, who was astride a docktailed cob, said to me.

I wouldn't call Equipage de Bonnelles a well-mounted field. The horses were a mixture, but then as there are no obstacles to be got over in the Forêt so there is no need for much blood. Best-mounted members of the field were some French cavalry

officers from a nearby garrison on Anglo-Normans of great quality.

Our stag was soon afoot and we set off at a gallop, a fast gallop. By then I was getting used to the fact that the French like things fast. **Comte d'Aymery** (he's the hunt's Stirling Moss) had driven me from Paris. He steered a zig-zag course through the traffic at 140 kilometres an hour. It was a blazing hot day and scent was good, though I doubt if hounds could follow a fox in such heat. These French hounds hunt extremely well, moving together with Brigade of Guards precision. They're tall by English standards, 29 in. high, with long narrow bodies and snouts reminiscent of greyhounds. They're 60 per cent French, and as the French put it: "Thirty-per-cent Jardine." This comes from the Dumfriesshire hounds, that great dynasty of black and tan hounds which **Sir John Buchanan-Jardine** (Master of the Dumfriesshire Hunt) founded in Scotland, and to which the French go for an outcross. "British stamina—British courage," they say of the Jardine hounds.

There didn't seem to be any field master and riders galloped about in different directions, each one taking a different line through the sandy lanes of the Forêt. One expected the consequence to be a drastic confusion, especially as every man who had a horn was at liberty to blow it freely at certain stages. But somehow confusion never arose. "The horns are always blowing the same tunes," M. Otto said to me.

It was fun to find the Parisian sense of style and harmony co-existing with the American belief in statistics. They rattled them off, statistics to be proud of. In 98 years the pack has killed 2,785 stags, their best season being 1957-8, when they brought down 55 in 57 hunts.

After the hunt there was tea at M. Otto's hunting-box for the entire field. Virtually everybody out with Equipage de Bonnelles has a hunting-box to get away to at the weekends and refresh for the ravages of the week ahead. Hunting in the Fifth Republic is prospering. There are now several more packs than in those far-off days of 1939.

CHRISTMAS ABROAD

Changing the subject, this is to tell you that the next time you hear from me I shall be far away. I am spending Christmas in North Carolina and later I shall be sending you social news from Washington, from Bermuda and from the Bahamas.

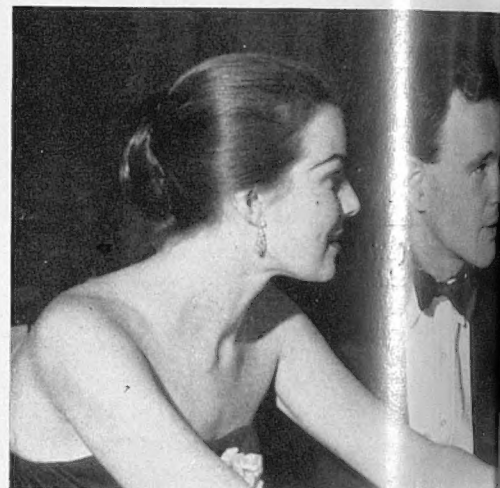
In the course of making my travel arrangements I heard of various others spending Christmas abroad. Miss **Agatha Christie**, whose play *The Mousetrap* is having an all-time long run in the West End, and her husband, **Professor Max Mallowan** are off to Colombo on a B.O.A.C. Comet. **Major-Gen. Sir Charles Dunphie**, the aircraft manufacturer, & Lady Dunphie are going to their villa at Cap Ferrat, then on to India.



After the Mass of St. Hubert the congregation gathers at long tables in the courtyard of the inn. Bread and wine has been blessed by the priest



A FINISHING SCHOOL



Miss Ingela Appelgren from Sweden dancing The Dashing White Sergeant

The Paddock Wood Finishing School is at Bagshot, Surrey. It has about 50 pupils—more than half from overseas



PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER

HAS AN END-OF-TERM BALL



The dance, held at The Pantiles, Bagshot, is a popular event each term. Many of the partners came from the Sandhurst Military Academy



Mrs. Helen Bolden, Mr. R. Rhodes & Mrs. Savill, the school's owner-founder



Mr. Ian Shepherd of British Guiana & Miss Heather Callaghan from Fermoy, Co. Cork



Miss Susan Ballantyne (her sisters had a coming-out dance last May) with Mr. M. O'Meara



Olga Ricciardi, daughter of Baron Ricciardi of Rome, & Signor Carlo Villarosa



Cambridge undergraduate Sheikh Abdulla Alireza & Miss Regina Guimaraes of Brazil



Miss Kirsten Dalgas Hansen from Denmark is one of several Scandinavian students

BRIDES FOR TWO LORDS



Guests at the wedding reception: Miss Marigold Schofield and (top) the Hon. Michael & Mrs. Spring-Rice, who were married in the summer

In London, Lord Masham to Miss Susan Sinclair

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

The bride and groom, who are spending their honeymoon in Jamaica. Lady Masham is the daughter of the late Sir Ronald Sinclair, Bt., & Mrs. H. R. Hildreth, Barrock House, Lyth-by-Wick



The Home Secretary and Mrs. R. A. Butler. It was Mr. Butler's fifty-seventh birthday the next day



Col. John Medlicott, Lord Masham's uncle, and Baroness Catherine van den Bränden de Reeth



The Earl & Countess of Swinton received guests. Lord Masham is the Earl's grandson and heir

In Co. Derry, Lord Dunleath
to Miss Dorinda Percival



Lord O'Neill, the best man (above),
Viscount Dunluce (left), and the attend-
ants Rosemary Ferns, Cassandra Wedd,
Clare Palmer, Emma Chichester-Clark,
Christopher Brooke and Jane Moore



The bride and groom drove from the wedding at St. John's, Moneymore, to the reception at nearby
Springhill, a 17th-century house lent by Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham and the National Trust



The Dowager Viscountess Bangor and
(below, left) the Countess of Erne, who
came from Crom Castle, Co. Fermanagh



The Hon. Mrs. John Brooke, daughter-in-law of
Viscount Brookeborough, Prime Minister of Ulster,
and her son Christopher, one of the two pages



*In a Paris store, the artist makes a personal appearance.
Below: China Peynet figurines are made by Rosenthal*

PEYNET and his POUPÉES



All set to become as much of an institution in France as a Noddy doll in England (and much more sophisticated) is a Raymond Peynet *poupée*. A range of Peynet dolls has been launched by the surrealist-cartoonist and ballet-writer, and for a send-off in a Paris store he autographed them, all based on the characters who people his cartoons. His is a world of heart-shaped blossom, holding hands in the rain, and boy for ever meeting girl. The cartoons shown here come from his latest book to appear in England: *The Lovers' Weekend Book* (Perpetua, 10s. 6d.). They have a unique quality and atmosphere about them that make this as unlikely a success story as Emmett's trains

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INA BANDY



'Mother told me never to take presents from strange men . . .'



The Peynet household has the inevitable sweethearts



Array of Peynet poupées on the shelf (but not for long). Below: Mme. Peynet gets the first look at her husband's work. She was the model for the early sweethearts





Alec Vines

NEWS PORTRAIT

German-born film maker Herr Heinz Sielmann, photographed in London for the première of *Lords of the Forest* (Elspeth Grant reviews it on page 726) is one of the world's greatest specialists in the field of nature films. Son of a research chemist turned industrialist, Mr. Sielmann early developed an interest in zoology, botany and ethnology—at 16 he was invited to lecture in universities and scientific congresses. His first film on 16 mm. (made when he was 18) was shown in Berlin in 1937. Later films devoted to animal psychology helped build him a world reputation and several have been shown on TV over here in association with Peter Scott. His overall direction of *Lords of the Forest* (made in the Congo under the auspices of King Leopold and the International Scientific Foundation of Belgium) called for courage and patience as well as skill. It took 40 days before the hippos stopped charging the film unit, gorillas were photographed in close-up and for some of the shots of wild birds empty cameras were kept turning for three months to accustom them to the noise

A Christmas story by VICTOR FRANCIS

HELL . . .” said her Grace. “Take your hand away . . .”

Hastily I removed my hand from the sherry decanter and she continued with a disapproving sigh: “Hell, as I was saying, is the name of the village in Norway whence this child comes. I may add that I instantly disbelieved Hughie when he told me, but I have since found the place in the gazetteer and must therefore accept its existence.”

I was idly rattling the glasses on their silver tray and she interrupted irritably: “Oh very well, have a sherry—just one, mind you—if it will stop that infernal tinkling. Where was I?”

“Hell?” I suggested.

She glared. “Precisely. And if it were not bad enough having an inhabitant of Hell under one’s roof, what, pray, do you think the child’s name is?”

“Eurydice?”

“Don’t be flippant, Charles. Her name is Christmas. The obvious reason is that she was born on 25 December. While charity compels me to appreciate her parents’ problem in naming their seventh daughter, I do think they might have been more considerate. How can I possibly permit my son to marry into Hell and form an alliance with a festive season? Really, it’s too trying.”

“But are you sure Hughie wants to marry her?”

“You may stop tinkling the glasses again, and you may not have another sherry. Of course I’m sure. Why else should he have brought her all the way here from . . . from that village?”

It was indeed puzzling, because while it was unlike Hughie to bring a stray girl friend home to stay with the family



MARRY CHRISTMAS

over Christmas, it was equally unlike my cousin to indicate any intention of marriage. My reflections were shattered by the realization of what my aunt was saying. "... And that, dear Charles, is where you must help."

I knew from experience that whenever she called me dear Charles I was under orders. "Help? Me? How?"

"You must devote your Christmas holiday to this child—concentrate on her, charm her, take her out and about, and distract her attention from Hughie."

"Oh, but look here, Aunt. . . ."

"Kindly remove that pained expression. I have never hitherto perceived any backwardness in competing with your cousin for his friends."

"Yes, but not if it's a question of marriage."

"Or have I observed any lack of skill in your avoidance of matrimony?"

"Yes, but. . . ."

"Or do I propose to put up the necessary funds to buy a partnership for any nephew of mine who is unwilling to please his old aunt?"

"Yes, but. . . ."

The door opened, and I looked up, and then I interrupted the flood tide of my aunt's oratory. "Not another word, dear aunt," I said. "I shall be delighted to help you. Won't you introduce me to Miss Christmas?"

★ ★ ★

With the exuberant tastelessness which seems to characterize the officers of his regiment, Hughie said to me cheerfully: "I say, she's one of Hell's belles all right, isn't she old boy, don't you think, hmmm?"

My frown was only partly caused by dislike of his pun. Much more, it sprang from an uneasy sense of guilt. Hughie was horribly healthy, raucously regimental, and guileless to a ghastly degree—but he was my cousin; and for the last three days before he came home I had been spending every minute of my time with the girl whom, presumably, he hoped to marry. "Yes, she certainly is lovely," I answered, "even if her English is a bit odd. I—er—I've been seeing quite a lot of her."

"Jolly fine."

"Squirring her around, you know."

"Tower of London and all that? Jolly splendid."

"And I did—er—show her a night-spot."

"Jolly good."

I felt even more guilty as I remembered the night before. We had theatred and gone on to a supper club, and after several hours of obeying my aunt's instructions I had become uncomfortably aware that hair the colour of hock, eyes like the sky over the spring-time Alps, and a lissom figure were supplanting all thoughts of my cousin. It was four in the moon-washed morning when we got home and Christmas looked solemnly at me and said: "It was a farry beautiful evening thank you."

I would never have thought that "Thank you" could sound adorable, and I found myself saying: "It's a shame to say goodnight so early. Wouldn't you like to come up to my room and listen to some records or something?"

Long lashes parted to disclose new depths to the Alpine sky as she answered: "Plis? In Norway this would be considered varry wrong, but if you say it is

proper in England. . . . It is all right in England? Yes?"

Then I realized I was sunk. For I kissed her lightly on the cheek, said: "Well, perhaps it is a little late," left her at her door—and spent the next hour wondering what had come over me.

I collected my thoughts with a start as I realized that Hughie was still braying. ". . . And that, Charles old boy, is where you must help."

"Help? Me? How?"

"Well, it's obvious, isn't it? P'raps I'd better tell you from the beginning. When I was holidaying in Norway last summer, I overspent. Daren't tell the old lady I was broke . . . you know her. But dammit if I didn't fall in with this Norwegian family, who insisted I'd be their guest. Said they owed it to their gallant allies, or something, and they were absolutely splendid with the hospitality. Well, I couldn't repay them—anyway, I didn't have the cash—so I said I'd reciprocate . . . why not send one of their family over to stay with us, and so on.

"Course, I thought no more about it, but bless me if I didn't get a letter asking if one of the girls could come over to improve her English. And. . . ."

"And that explains Christmas. But what about marrying her?"

Hughie's ever-open mouth dropped another notch.

"Marry her? Good heavens above—what are you talking about?"

"But I thought you wanted to marry the girl."

He chuckled with a sound like Sandhurst boots. "Lord, no! But someone's

continued overleaf

got to look after her. Actually I was hoping to concentrate on Flossie Denbigh. And I wondered if you'd sort of take on Christmas for me."

Suddenly I realized that Hughie was really not a bad fellow. "Not another word," I said. "I shall be delighted to help you."

★ ★ ★

I'm not quite sure when I fell in love with Christmas. All I know is that by 24 December I felt nine feet tall and had discovered with a benevolent surprise that the house was filled with really very nice people—even Hughie's Flossie Denbigh, whom I had loathed ever since she defeated me at a gymkhana when I was 10.

It was late on the 24th when I conducted Christmas on a tour of the decorations, and in the library she said: "The holly berries are varry gay, yes?"

"No," I corrected, "but the holly berries are *very* gay."

She laughed. "Oh, I'll never learn. But what is the white berry . . . berry . . . please?"

I walked her beneath the mistletoe, took a deep breath and started to explain. Her eyes were very wide, and after a time I stopped explaining and kissed her instead. I suppose that was when I knew I was in love with her, and for a falling instant her kiss answered me with unspoken words that I do not intend to repeat here.

Then she stepped away from me and I saw that she was crying. I said the idiotic things that otherwise sensible Englishmen are apt to say when confronted with tears. I asked her why, and she cried the more. I told her that I

loved her, and she cried even louder.

I shut the library door and sat her on the chaise longue that for 20 years had been reserved to my aunt's Pomeranian, and I said very quietly: "But Christmas, dear Christmas, I love you, and I know I'm not all that wonderful, but it can't be so depressing to have me love you? Can it?"

"It is not kind to say that to me, and make me feel like this for you," she sobbed.

"Not kind? What are you talking about?"

"It is not fair. I must take the first farry-boat home."

"*Ferry-boat*," I corrected automatically. "And you will do nothing of the sort. You will please explain what all this is about."

"It is you who should explain. What about this, this Flossie Danbigh?"

"*Denbigh*. What about her?"

"How can you say you love me when you are infatuated with her?"

"Infatuated? But I can't stand the girl! If you'd seen the way she cut in at that gymkhana . . . most abominably unfair riding. How anybody can. . ."

Then I glimpsed the first tiny ray of light. "Infatuated," I said. "That's a long word for a girl who doesn't know much English."

Christmas was trying to stop sniffing. "That is the word your aunt used: she said you were infatuated with this Flossie Danbigh . . . Denbigh."

"And what else did my aunt say?"

"She said would I please be varry nice to you, and go out with you a lot, so that you would not have time to attend to this Flossie. Why do you laugh?"

It was some time before I could stop

laughing, and by then I was so infectiously light-headed that Christmas was laughing too. "And so your aunt told *you* to concentrate on *me*," she gasped when I explained.

"And she told *you* to concentrate on *me*!"

When we stopped laughing we kissed, and this time there were no tears, and then my aunt's voice sounded from the doorway: "It is usual, I believe, to confine that sort of conduct to the proximity of the mistletoe."

We turned, and I swear that she was twinkling. "I thought you would like to know," she said, "that your cousin is about to announce his engagement to the Denbigh girl. Extraordinarily fortuitous. My husband always used to say it was ridiculous that the two estates should be split up. Do you find something amusing, Charles?"

"Oh, no," I muttered, taking Christmas's hand.

"There is nothing amusing about matrimony, Charles. You as a lawyer should know that. In fact, if you were safely . . . er, happily . . . married to a sensible wife, I should have far less hesitation in buying you your partnership."

Before I could answer, the clock began to chime. It was midnight. I turned to Christmas. "It's Christmas Day, darling," I said. "Your day. Happy birthday. . . . Happy Christmas."

Her eyes were glistening. "Marry Christmas, dear Charles."

"*Merry* Christmas," I began to correct her.

"Don't be a fool, boy," said my aunt. "This is no time to improve her English."

© Victor Francis 1959

BRIGGS by Graham





Shrines like this one are for private meditation at Buddhist Society headquarters in Eccleston Square. Membership of the Society is growing, and more than 150,000 copies have been sold of the Penguin written by Christmas Humphreys, the Society's president and founder

Oriental religions among us

EASTERN FAITHS IN LONDON: PHOTOGRAPHED BY IDA KAR & DESCRIBED BY JOHN SALT

Oriental religions among us

continued



BUDDHIST convert Stella Coe (Mrs. Orme) is a flower arranger. She was drawn to the faith while studying the art of flower arrangement during a 12-year residence in the Far East



THEOSOPHICAL Society headquarters in Gloucester Place house this library of occult books. Interest in theosophy stimulated in Britain the growth of Buddhism represented (below) by the Venerable Saddhatissa, head of the Vihara



TIME OUT OF MIND THE LIGHT OF FAITH has streamed from the east, the fertile heartland where civilization began. India cradled the Buddha; Zoroaster (Zarathustra) arose in ancient Persia; Palestine and Arabia became the twin watersheds of Christianity and Islam. Waves of conquest and of trade swept them westward and London this Christmas finds itself host to an impressive array of Oriental faiths.

The Anglo-Saxon—possibly in retreat from his own materialism—seems to find a compulsive fascination in mystic doctrine with an eastern flavour. Such expatriate cults flourish best where the sun shines—California is the prime example—but it was a Briton, Ananda Metteya (London-born Alan Bennett) who led the first Buddhist mission to this country 50 years ago.

Buddhism was a relatively slow starter over here. The doctrine of “the middle way”—in fact eastern faiths generally—required a catalyst. It was provided by the Theosophical Society whose early revolutionary phase under its founder, Russian-born Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, first introduced the long-held eastern belief in re-incarnation and spiritual evolution to the western world.

Theosophy paved the way for the present-day Buddhist Society which, with headquarters in Eccleston Square and a summer school in Hertfordshire, claims a membership of several hundred and publishes quarterly *The Middle Way*.

Most of London's eastern religious centres exist to supply the spiritual needs of the faithful resident in Britain—but not exclusively. There are European converts to a number of faiths and the rate is said to be on the increase—notably among men and women whose war service took them to the Orient. In the past few years a number of young men have given up their homes and jobs over here to become Buddhist monks in Siam (Bennett, a former Roman Catholic, took the saffron robe in Burma) and there is a separate order for English *bhikkus* (monks) near Swiss Cottage.

The main centre, the Buddhist Vihara near the Brompton Road, is run by the Venerable Saddhatissa, a former professor in Pali at Benares University. The Vihara is financed by a trust fund and the Ceylonese Government and is also a hostel for Buddhist pilgrims and travellers.

Buddhism and Islam probably command the largest number of followers among the many eastern faiths over here. Today there are about 100,000 Moslems in Britain. Their shrine at Woking, the Shah Jehan Mosque, was built in 1889 and more than 2,000 worship there during the great Id festivals.

Among Moslem sects is the tiny Sufi Society, a one-man mission run by Aziz Balouch who came here from Spain soon after the war. The 50 or 60 followers, mostly English, hold meetings in Pembroke Road and Conway Hall. Balouch sings Arabic songs, accompanying himself on a

continued on page 713



VEDANTA Centre in Muswell Hill is named after Sri Ramakrishna whose picture has a place of honour. In meditation are Swami Ghanananda, English disciple John Smith and Swami Mukhyananda

PARSEE priest wears a mask to protect the sacred fire of sandalwood and incense from defilement during recital of prayers. Fruit and flowers represent the bounty of God to his followers on earth





SUFI teacher Aziz Balouch plays the guitar for his followers. Smallest of the eastern religious sects in London, Sufism preaches the pursuit of spiritual experience by bodily restraint and mystical intuition

Oriental religions among us concluded



opposite: Sufi religionists (as Moslem) worship shoeless—the growing array at the temple door is in sharp contrast to the modern telephone. Above: Flowers and interior: the portrait of a Sikh prophet looks down on the congregation, seated, like the turbaned man and child (above right) on the floor



centres around the Shah Jehan Mosque at Woking upwards of 2,000 of the faithful congregate for the festivals. Islam, like Buddhism a proselytising faith, probably attracted some 500 converts since the war. of them, Northerner Mr. Austin, kneeling (right) on a prayer rug in the Mosque, hopes one day to make Mecca pilgrimage and frequently acts as muezzin



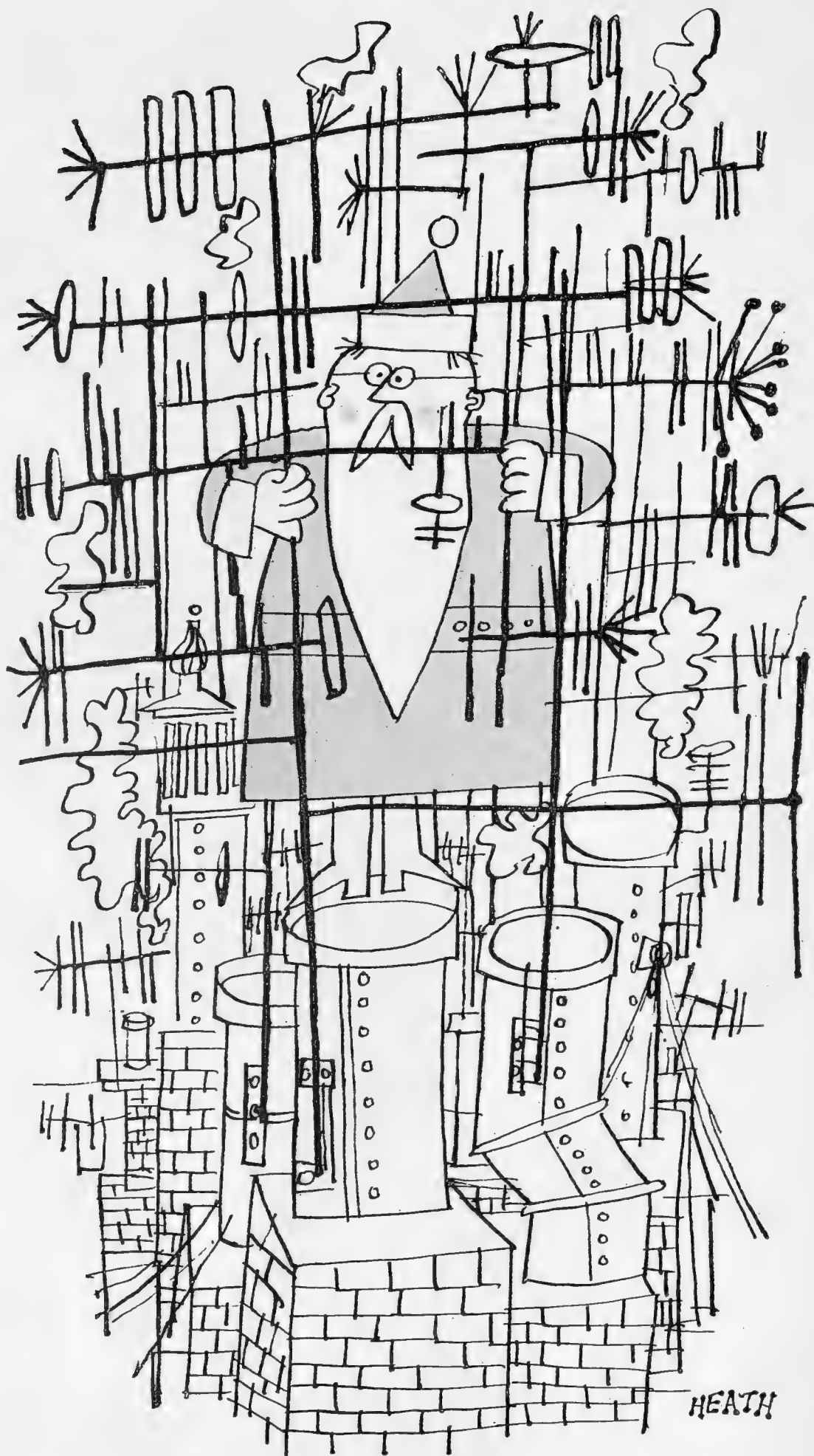
guitar, and preaches a gentle dogma which is a deviation from orthodox Islam.

Tiny, too, is the community of London's 600-700 Parsees which meets at Zoroastrian House. Worshipers are mostly Indian and Persian, no attempt is made to attract European converts. One of the world's oldest religions—and in its fire ritual the most beautiful—Zoroastrianism has century-old associations in this country.

In the urban surroundings of Muswell Hill, near the Alexandra Palace, is the Vedanta Centre where 350 students attend services in Sanskrit and English. It is run by Swami Ghanananda and an English disciple. Vedanta, evolved from the Upanishads, is described as the common basis of India's several sects.

London's Sikhs—surprisingly there are more than 10,000—worship at a Temple near Olympia. Their officiating priest is Kesar Singh Gyani who conducts his services reading from a great holy book of 1,430 pages the size of *The Times*.

A hundred other sects find homes in London, offshoots of the Christian faith, of Islam, Hindu philosophy, Zoroastrianism, theosophy. All offer simple answers to burning questions, for the worshipper the faith is enough. But with the world moving into the 1960s it may be that new teachers and faiths will arise and perhaps, this time, in the West.



The Silk Route

*Mapped with
a modern cargo
in some of
the ancient
stopping places*

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY MICHEL
MOLINARE

From remote times Chinese mandarins guarded the secret of sericulture and silk production. Then in the 4th century A.D.—or so the story goes—a Chinese princess carried silkworm eggs and mulberry seeds to India hidden in the lining of her headdress. The secret was out and soon great caravans of camels and yaks began to carry their precious merchandise along the 6,000-mile stretch of the silk route from Hsi-an in China through Turkestan, Iran, Bagdad, Damascus and Beirut to Athens, Rome and the courts of Europe. The white silk jersey dress on this page was photographed at a house in Istanbul, one of the stopping places on the ancient route. Trimmed with two diamanté buckles it is by Frank Usher, 25 gns. at Chanelle, Knightsbridge; Morrison's, Glasgow; Leader's, Leeds



M. Henri Pharaon's house in Beirut (where these pictures were taken) is an oasis of traditional Arab architecture in a Middle East that is rapidly being taken over by plate glass and pre-stressed concrete. Treasures of the 14th & 18th centuries, rescued from the bulldozers & demolition squads and re-erected by craftsmen from Damascus, Aleppo, Sidon & Tripoli, form a near-priceless setting for the dinner dress (*left*) of Mandarin yellow silk paper taffeta made to measure at the Worth Boutique, Grosvenor Square. Prices start at about 55 gns.

Opposite: No Arabian night was ever complete without a fountain. This one is surrounded with 14th century mosaic—the faience dates from the 18th. Against this background an oyster silk satin top meets a chestnut satin faille skirt woven with Lurex. Top: 18 gns., skirt 20 gns., by Sutin, at Elaine, Guildford; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds. Skirt only at Fortnum & Mason

The Silk Route continued

Below: Oriental splendour of a silken dress in purple and crimson printed with scenes from old Italian paintings matches up to another 14th century mosaic fountain filled with flowers. The dress is an Emilio Pucci of Florence model and available in London from Woolland's, Knightsbridge. The price is 59 gns.







Opposite: This modern beach house half-hour's sail up the coast from Beirut was converted from a primitive Arab dwelling by property owner M. Manuel Arida who shares M. Pharaon's passion for ancient Middle Eastern architecture. The visitor sits on a camel saddle beside a charcoal brazier wearing a Thailand silk blouse and skirt. The blouse is peacock blue, the skirt checked in the same blue and green. Price: about 37½ gns. Only from the Jaeger Boutique, Regent Street.

The Silk Route

continued

Fuchsia-red silk paper taffeta evening dress is framed by a sculptured stone 18th-century room which leads into a gold-tooled leather library. The dress by Sutin has an overskirt caught to one side with a taffeta rose and costs 37 gns. from Nora Bradley, King's Road, S.W.3. The wearer is Patti Morgan (Mme. Chamoun) whose father-in-law is a former President of the Lebanon.







less Persian rug in M. Pharaon's home forms a backdrop
 a Claud Riviére model in parchment-coloured wild silk
 d with tobacco brown, high-necked and with a close-fitting
 re. Available only at Harrods, Knightsbridge, price: 30 gns.

site: The silk route wove from Syria to Istanbul bringing
 a costly bale to the palaces of the Byzantine emperors.
 in its most modern manifestation makes a grey and
 on pink playsuit by Emilio Pucci. Shirt and shorts cost
 us, at Woolland's. The wearer stands in a 1,500-year-old
 erground cistern, once a reservoir for an imperial palace

ian dining-room is the setting for Frank Usher's strapless
 treuse green pure silk paper taffeta dress with a low back
 a long matching stole with fringed ends. At Chanelle,
 ghtsbridge and branches; Morrison's, Glasgow and
 eh. Prices: dress 16½ gns., stole 5½ gns. The ancient
 route was traversed by yak and camel caravans—today
 can fly. Swissair operate three flights a week
 eday, Thursday and Sunday) from London to
 ut. Return fares: 1st class £199 16s., tourist £135

On the cover: Jean Allen's summer
 occasion dress in pure wild silk
 patterned in vivid petunia on a white
 ground is framed in an arch of the
 Pharaon villa. Price: 20 gns. at
 Liberty's, London, W.1; Marshall &
 Snelgrove, Birmingham; Daly's, Glasgow.
 Photograph by Michel Molinare



The Silk Route concluded





The Big Top comes in many sizes, and there are little circuses where the site is an open field and the dressing-room the parlour of a caravan. They avoid the big cities—where shows are bigger and more elaborate—and pitch their tents outside some small town to entertain the country folk. In such a circus the spotlights are not just a matter of plugging into the main; the engine that powers them probably drives one of the caravans, and the man who tinkers with it is probably also the bear trainer and the flamé swallower. In this small community, young people and young animals grow up together until they too become performers. Training and practice take their turn with cleaning and repairing, and come Sunday night they strike camp and move on to another field.



Apply the right make-up and put it on thick, and a clown looks the part. In a circus like this he's too busy to be sad



Not even a bear's act can fill all the ringside seats but the homeliness is part of the show's special charm

COUNTRY CIRCUS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX



The elephant-trainer manages without the elaborate gold-braided and coloured uniform of the big circuses



London bus may serve as home, with bedroom
kitchen below, and watchdog on the stairs



The flame-swallower may also be the bear-trainer and
the engine mechanic, to say nothing of tent-pitcher



Ever since Buffalo Bill breezed into the Barnum & Bailey
business a wild-west touch has been thought essential

C-day minus 2: a situation report from

ESPIONAGE BY
MINETTE SHEPARD

BRANDY & MADEIRA, in special Christmas packing, is obtainable at Jackson's, Piccadilly, who pride themselves on a large selection of brands and vintages of brandies. An exceptionally good one (shown here) is Monnet cognac fine champagne, packed in a wooden box with a large red seal, price 67s. 6d. (postage 3s. 6d.) The Crown Mahoney Madeira, in a wicker-covered flagon, costs 23s. (postage 3s. 6d.)



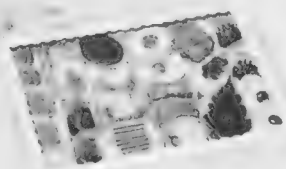
FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS.

fresh or preserved, in coloured glass goblets, can be ordered from Pulbrook & Gould, Sloane Street. The arrangement of wax Christmas roses, preserved holly, catkins, ivy and lichen-covered fur twigs with cones, in greens, browns and white, costs about 2 gns. The goblet of fresh flowers costs 2 to 2½ gns. Orders for delivery up to 4.30 p.m. today but personal orders can be ready in about half-an-hour. As members of Interflora, Pulbrook & Gould can send flowers all over the country, charge 2s. 6d.



FLORISERIE is the name of a new gift scheme through Floris Bakeries in Brewer Street. For a pre-arranged number of weeks you can have sent every Wednesday a gâteau (Bohème, Sacher, Coffee or Chocolate), or a box of Petits Fours

(approx. 32 pieces), Almond Fours (approx. 32 pieces) or Butter Fours (48 pieces). Basically, there are four schemes, with variations and prices accordingly. For instance, a box of Petit Fours for twelve weeks (addressed anywhere in the United Kingdom) costs £8 14s. All boxes are hermetically sealed and Floris send a card informing the recipient



Gift Vouchers. Many large stores such as Harrods, Marshall & Snelgrove and Liberty's run Gift Voucher schemes of various price values, and this idea has fired the imagination of other companies and firms. Gramophone and book tokens are well-known presents but theatre tokens are less well known. For theatre-lovers, Keith Prowse branches can supply vouchers (for London theatres only) from 5s. upwards, valid for one year. Rowneys, Percy Street, last year started a gift voucher service for artists' materials. The tokens can be stamped with units of 5s. and there is no time limit to their validity. These tokens can only be cashed at Percy Street. The new Art Centre Gallery in Sloane

COUNTER SPY

MICROFILM BY
PRISCILLA CONRAN

Street has started a picture voucher scheme for any pictures and drawings on sale in their gallery. Values range from 50s. to £50 and the recipient can go into the gallery and choose a picture from any of the large stock available. One way of being able to choose a really good picture with no worries attached! A gift voucher to the John Cavanagh Boutique would also be much appreciated. They start at 5 gns. and go up in units of 5 gns. Nearby is the General Trading Company, whose vouchers start at 1 gn. upwards. They are valid for a year and the recipient is sent a card letting him know how much he can spend. For outstandingly generous givers—Air France also offer something in gift vouchers. This is in the form of an Air France exchange order for any amount desired, either stating or leaving open the destination. The order can then be cashed at the Air France office in Bond St. or Haymarket in exchange for a ticket and reservation. These orders are valid for a year only after date of issue.



TEA & COFFEE are useful thoughts for panicking last-minute buyers.

Twinings pack a delicious blend of Indian and Ceylon tea in half-pound cream pottery (with a tea leaf blossom design) in its own red box, price about 18s.

Three of their best coffees, various grinds and roasts, are sold

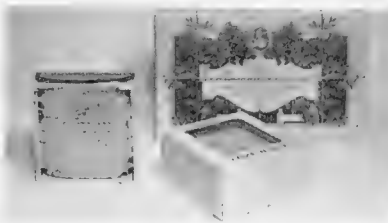
in half-pound tins: Little Wills blend (after dinner, about 4s. 6d.), Mincing Lane blend (breakfast, 3s.), and Blue Mountain Jamaica blend (connoisseur's, 4s. 6d.). From Twinings, Strand; Wilton's, Wigmore Street, or grocers stocking their products.



POT PLANTS are also popular last-minute gifts. These two come from Edward

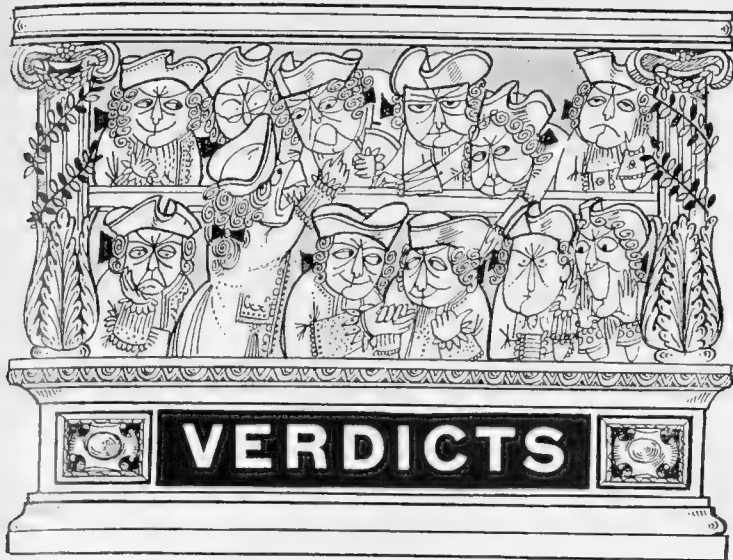
Goodyear, Brook Street, who can deliver up to Christmas Eve afternoon in the London area. The poinsettia is usually fairly tall and has large leaves. It has particularly attractive brilliant scarlet flowers, shaped like stars, but needs some care as it is very susceptible to draughts

and cold. Price: between 30s. and 2 gns. The smaller plant is a hardy South African violet. These should be watered with lukewarm water. Price from about 8s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

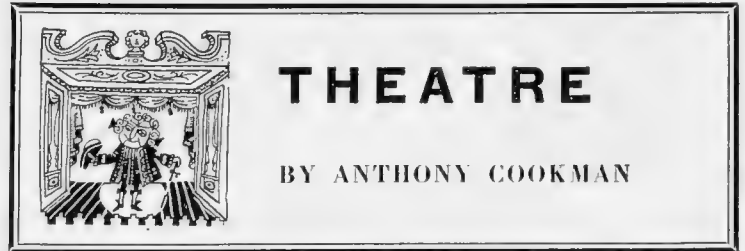


GOODIES, attractively packed, come from Jackson's, Piccadilly, where there is a wide range. The fruit confits in a wooden box are called A la Marquise de Sévigné, and are made from real fruit such as plums, greengages and peaches specially preserved to

retain their original flavour. In two sizes, prices 27s. 6d. and 15s. (postage 1s. 6d.). The two English honeys for Londoners only, as they can't be posted. The heather honey costs 7s. 6d., the clover honey 6s. 6d.



- The play* **AND SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING**
(Frank Lawton, Margaret Lockwood, John Stone, Yolande Donlan). Duke of York's Theatre.
- The films* **LORDS OF THE FOREST**
Full length documentary. Directors Heinz Sielmann & Henry Brandt.
- 1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS**
Cartoon feature starring Mr. Magoo.
Director Jack Kinney.
- GIRL OF SHAME "X" Certificate**
(Sabina Sesselmann, Helmut Schmid, Joachim Fuchsberger). Director V. Harlan.
- FOLLOW A STAR**
(Norman Wisdom, June Laverick, Jerry Desmonde, Hattie Jacques). Director Bob Asher
- The records* **JAZZ PARTY** by Duke Ellington
EMPRESS OF THE BLUES by Bessie Smith
"HAVE TRUMPET, WILL EXCITE" by Dizzy Gillespie
- The books* **JUMP BOOK**
by Philippe Halsman (Deutsch, 25s.)
- CHURCHILL, THE WALK WITH DESTINY**
by Harry Tatlock Miller & Loudon Sainthill
(Hutchinson, 45s.)
- NAPOLEON IMMORTAL**
by James Kemble (Murray, 28s.)
- UNCLE PAUL**
by Celia Fremlin (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)
- SCRAPBOOK FOR THE TWENTIES**
by Leslie Bailey (Muller, 25s.)
- SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, 1957-9**
(Reinhardt, 25s.)



Too much work for the cast

THE THEATRE IS CHANGING WITH quite startling rapidity, but underneath the new patterns that are labouring into being the old patterns remain clearly visible and available to playwrights who feel at ease with them. One of these playwrights is Mr. Jack Popplewell. His *And Suddenly It's Spring* at the Duke of York's, lightest of light comedies, follows one of the old patterns at which the revolutionaries hoot derisively. There is no reason why it should not, for the pattern is one that still gives pleasure to a big public.

The only trouble is that Mr. Popplewell, who has written several comedies that have amused audiences for months on end, is not on this occasion anywhere near his best form. His conventional situation is not properly exploited; his dialogue stiff, expected and needlessly old-fashioned; and he seems to feel that since he has such popular players as Miss Margaret Lockwood, Miss Yolande Donlan and Mr. Frank Lawton in the cast he can afford to be not restlessly inventive in the matter of detail.

The whole thing depends on a series of wondrous transformations. One of them has proved its theatrical effectiveness often enough. An actress known to be a beautiful woman has only to wear spectacles to appear to everyone she meets a perfect fright. She has only to take them off and men foam at the mouth and throw themselves at her feet. In this instance the curious stage convention works in the beginning quite well. Miss Lockwood is seen to have let her hair down a little, and we are glad to accept her Sally, a successful business woman of 35 who, in making money and a business reputation in her Mayfair hat shop, has let life pass her by.

She has begun to feel, a little hopelessly, that something must be done about it. But not even the most terrific lady-killer among her commercial travellers sees through her dowdiness. Mr. Lawton, exuding devilish vitality and made even more devilish by one of those moustaches that, having covered all the space between lips and nose

sprout out again from either cheek, runs his moustache professionally up and down her arms, but she is all too clearly not one of the women he takes out to dinner. Only a fantastically large order gets her on to his expenses sheet.

This is the situation that Mr. Popplewell sets himself to exploit and after a good beginning it comes to pieces in his hand. He owes the good beginning mainly to Mr. Lawton. Aided and abetted by her friend Joy, a light-headed gad-about with a good supply of wry wisecracks on which Miss Donlan puts her own cutting edge, Sally does up her hair and puts on a fashionable evening gown. The lady-killer at once perceives that she is a beautiful woman. He also perceives that she is out for mischief. But instead of foaming at the mouth and throwing himself at her feet the Casanova of the Mayfair hat shops appears strangely taken aback.

Quite the most delightful scene in the comedy is Mr. Lawton's transformation of the lady-killer with the devilish light of conquest in his eye into the embarrassed little man driven by the shameless advances of a man-eating woman into confessing that his wickedness is only a manner. He is, in truth, a respectably married man who has never had an affair in his life.

It is with the discomfiture of this Casanova that the situation really goes to pieces. Sally, quite undeterred by her disappointment, at once hurls herself at the head of a nice American sailor. She gets tipsy and she gets rather silly and she is only brought to her senses by the transformation of the shy American sailor into an oil millionaire who will stand no nonsense from the woman he fell in love with when he saw her in her original state of dowdiness.

Neither Miss Lockwood nor Mr. John Stone, as the sailor, can make much of this flight into pure nonsense; and the comedy is not helped by the final transformation of the unprincipled Miss Donlan into a meek and dutiful wife. Still, the piece has its comic moments and the cast make the best of them.



PROVOCATION: *The newly emerged charmer (Margaret Lockwood) first delights and then frightens the would-be Casanova (Frank Lawton).*
TRANSFORMATION: *A candid friend (Yolande Donlan) encourages the dowdy career woman at an awkward stage of her change into a gay sophisticate (right)*



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Cameras invade the Congo

IN FULL APPRECIATION OF THE RAPID changes taking place in the world these days, **Lords Of The Forest** was produced with the intention of preserving in picture and sound a record of such animal life and ancient human traditions and legends as still survive in the Congo. It was made by The International Scientific Foundation, "under the Honorary Presidency of H.M. King Leopold III." As its aim implies, it is less daring than the films made by Dr. Bernhard Grzimek and his son Michael, which constitute not merely a record of Africa's fauna but a plea for action to ensure its preservation.

Herr Heinz Sielmann, co-director, claims that this is the first nature film shot in CinemaScope, a process which makes the use of telescopic lenses impossible and demands craft and courage on the part of the cameraman bent upon obtaining intimate and candid shots of wild animals. The close-ups you will see of a fearsome gorilla family really are close-ups. To get them, Herr Sielmann and his crew spent months observing the habits and daily routine of these intelligent, powerful and dangerous (though strictly vegetarian) beasts, before photographing them from carefully prepared "hides" which were, in fact, steel cages, leafily camouflaged. What fun if only the gorilla-parents had found them out! They would have been able to take their children, for a special treat, to stare at these men behind bars—as we take ours to stare at Guy the Gorilla in the London Zoo.

The rare and shy okapi walks through the forest plucking leaves with his long tongue; by the river, crown cranes perform their mating dance. Amiable lions pad about, watchful hawks and eagles swoop on their small prey, the male horn-bill dutifully feeds his wife whom he has walled up in a hollow tree to hatch out their young in safety—and at night the pangolin, looking like a throwback to prehistoric times, prowls in search of an anthill which will provide him with his supper. All this is fascinating—and the accompanying commentary, boomed by Mr. Orson Welles, is acceptable though a little heavy-handed.

It is when we come to the humans in the film—the Watussi

girls dancing, the rain-maker at work, the story-teller holding the men of his tribe spellbound with old tales of elephant-hunting—that the commentary, intoned by Mr. William Warfield, becomes unbearably cloying and unctuous, striving in vain to establish some mystical relationship between man and the animals and their environment.

A band of hunters penetrate the heart of the jungle in quest of game for food. "They walk in silence, to show their respect," Mr. Warfield tells us. Fiddle-de-dee! It's just that they have more sense than to kick up a din until the nets into which they are to drive their quarry are set: then, my dear, the beaters get busy, all hell breaks loose and the slaughter of the "respected" animals is as wholesale as they can make it. My advice to the editors of this pictorially fine picture would be "cut the cackle and come to the hippos."

In **1001 Arabian Nights**, dear old myopic Mr. Magoo bumbles through a version of the Aladdin story, remaining throughout endearingly himself. Of the other principals, Aladdin and the Sultan's daughter have an almost Disneyish prettiness—surprising in a product from the usually more enterprising U.P.A. studios. My favourite character is the Wicked Wazir, a deliciously spiky villain with a dungeonful of jolly pets such as great green spiders, saw-toothed blue rats and grinning, crimson cobras. I can only hope the tots will find them as much fun as I did.

A German film (with English subtitles), **Girl Of Shame**, is worth seeing for the excellent performance of a strikingly beautiful young actress, Fraulein Sabina Sesselmann, in the title rôle. As an innocent girl, daughter of a highly respected man in a provincial town, she catches the eye of an odious painter of nudes (Herr Helmut Schmid) who brags of his way with women and makes a bet with an art dealer that he will persuade her to pose for him in the nude.

By a series of despicable tricks, he succeeds—seducing her in the process as just part of the game. His wager won, he tires of her and throws her to an elderly wolf (Herr Reinhold Kolldehoff) who makes her dead-drunk on brandy and

champagne before doing his worst to her. The girl's stern father casts her off—and the rest of the story covers her progress through despair to drug-addiction, prostitution and death. Fraulein Sesselmann handles her transition from innocence to degradation most poignantly—it is like watching an exquisite flower being wilfully trampled in a filthy gutter—and thanks to her, what may have been designed as a sensational film becomes a moving one.

From the genuinely funny gag with which **Follow A Star** is introduced (before the credit titles—so arrive early if you're going to see the film) one had hopes that Mr. Norman

Wisdom was at last going to settle down as a first-rate straight and/or knock-about comedian, distinctly on the low-brow side but satisfying. Alas, it soon becomes apparent that the little man fancies himself as a wistful, waifish singer of saccharine songs and likes to show that he can "behave nice and talk posh." It is a great pity and somebody should put a foot down for his own good.

Miss Hattie Jacques is superb as his singing teacher, Miss June Laverick looks pretty in a wheelchair as his girl friend, and Mr. Jerry Desmond is impeccable as the singer who "pinches" Mr. Wisdom's voice. Why anyone should want it, I'll never know.



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

So what makes you jump?

PHOTOGRAPHS LOOM THIS WEEK. Philippe Halsman's **Jump Book** is well worth looking at—if you haven't already seen most of the photographs around here and there—because the whole idea of it is so weird. In spite of the fact that some of my best friends are photographers, as a race I fear them—introspective, probing fellows, always brooding about how to strip off as many skins as possible and get at the Inner Truth. Mr. Halsman reckons to prove all kinds of things about people by making them jump in the air while he clicks his camera, and appears to sulk a bit, though more in sorrow and surprise than in anger, should anyone refuse his peculiar request. (The odd thing is that so many meekly agreed.)

My deduction from the book—which must have taken a deal of time to collect over the years—is that actors, actresses and dancers often look rather nice jumping (after all, their bread and butter frequently depends on their looking nice while doing almost anything), and everyone else looks just slightly dotty. The book interests me as yet another example of our current enthusiasm for the anti-heroic, our urge to present public and respected figures in some unexpected and faintly ridiculous light. During a jump, says Mr. Halsman, "The mask falls. The real self becomes visible." Well. . . . And after jumping, what? Who's next for unmasking while munching, sneezing, doing up suspenders . . . no, no, don't let's think of any more activities.

Judge Learned Hand, aged 87, feared that to jump might kill him, but added "Maybe this is not a bad way to go." Mr. Halsman went, but the judge jumped just the same. I tell you, photographers are dedicated people.

Yousuf Karsh's **Portrait Of Greatness** attacks the business from the opposite end—nobody in their right mind can imagine Karsh asking his sitters to jump. Everything here is monumental, heroic, intense, maybe a little old-fashioned, with velvet-black backgrounds and dramatic highlights, as if one were making a stately and awe-struck walk round the marble tombs of some very grand cathedral.

Never mind, after the **Jump Book** it's quite a relief to find Karsh warm-heartedly eager to present his sitters at their noblest. Women seem to me to elude him altogether, but with craggy G.O.M.s Karsh moves in with sound, banners and trumpets. The unpretentious, watchful notes on the sitters are full of interest, written by Karsh himself (no photographer should ever allow anyone else to write his captions and commentary). Marlene Dietrich made a sudden visit during the Christopher Fry sitting, and sat all the while at Mr. Fry's feet, murmuring to him that she also loved Sir Alexander Fleming.

Churchill, The Walk With Destiny, is a superb picture-book, compiled and designed by Harry Tatlock Miller and Loudon Saint-hill, that interestingly combines the best of both photographic worlds—the heroic and the candid, impish

and carpet-slipped (as is perfectly fitting for its protean subject). Its presentation is often tremendously theatrical and emotional—and again, no better subject for this kind of design could be found. It shouts with ebullience and vitality, and it truthfully presents, as well as the national hero-figure, an irresistible and entirely bewitching man. I'm not lending my copy to anyone.

Another hero—but this time biting the dust, and not for the first time—appears in *Napoleon Immortal*, by James Kemble. Timidly, furtively, and like every other idiotic woman, I am still a demented Napoleon-fan, though every month seems to bring another two or three books pointing out, in the chilliest

possible terms, that he was a little man in a grey overcoat who was subject to temper-tantrums. *Napoleon Immortal*—oddest of titles in the context—takes us remorselessly and authoritatively through his medical history, showing how and why he changed from a thin whirlwind of a man into a plump, sluggish one. I read it horridly hypnotized. After the autopsy, Napoleon's heart and stomach were sealed up and popped into the coffin. "I wonder if they are still there. How I should love to see," says the author wistfully. I'm waiting now for Harley Street's diagnosis on Byron, Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great.

Uncle Paul is the second chiller from Celia Fremlin, who is fast

becoming the recognized authority on ladies in the grip of some ghastly quiet obsession seen against a truthful, workaday, cluttered domestic background. This time the nastiness all takes place at an awful seaside town in the rain, with shopping-bags, crowded caravans, damp misery and merciless children. I read it at a gulp—but the domestic stuff seems to me so good that I feel in Miss Fremlin there may be a serious novelist struggling to get out.

Scrapbook For The Twenties, by Leslie Bailey, is just what it says it is—and like most scrapbooks it's both fascinating and rather rough-and-ready, especially in style. Some of the pictures are heartbreaking, and maybe that's compensation—in

fact I felt all through that this should have been a pictures-and-captions book.

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, 1957-59, is the fourth in the series of pictorial records of the seasons at Stratford-on-Avon. I am a passionate enthusiast about this theatre, and these unchanging picture-books are beginning to make me unhappy. As a reminder, they may be fine—but if you have not seen the productions, you can gain little from posed groups and pictures of make-up seen from eyeball-aching close quarters. Everything is so still, so black, so faintly creepy, like dusty artificial flowers on a beloved grave. Dash it, it's only at the Windmill that if you move it's rude.



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

The jazz story—at bargain rates

FOR SOME YEARS THERE HAS BEEN A surfeit of jazz literature on the home market—I blush to admit that I am responsible for one or two additions to the flood. But much of it has been imported material catering mainly for those with well-lined pockets.

Now the house of Cassell has produced some excellent potted biographies of the *Kings Of Jazz*, priced at five shillings each. They fill a long-existing gap in basic literature, and are particularly valuable because they trace the history and the significance of the jazz giants without a multiplicity of cross-references from one guide to another. It is perhaps unfortunate

that the first of these excellently prepared volumes deals with Duke Ellington, whose 275-page biography by Ulanov was reasonably comprehensive. It can do little more than consolidate the biography and the more recent Peter Gammond précis on the Duke's trail-blazing activities.

Each book is individually authored, with Michael James's Volume 2 devoted to Dizzy Gillespie. In some 70 pages, largely devoted to a dissertation on his more important recording sessions, he touches on some of the difficulties encountered by a leader of the bop set in the late forties. Apart from sartorial fads, the band had little

to lean on but their instruments, and musical rocks on which they cast their anchor were apt to be blasted from under them by misinformed critics.

I am not entirely happy with one of Mr. James's pronouncements, referring to Gillespie's slightly substandard performance at a renowned Granz session where he joined forces with Charlie Parker: "... that the value of a soloist's work is not to be judged on the grounds of his rhythmic, melodic, tonal, or harmonic capacities alone, nor even upon a consideration . . . of their various relations. . . ." I would have preferred to admit that, for once, he was temporarily outclassed.

Bessie Smith has Volume 3 to herself, and she deserves it. No one in jazz experienced more forcibly the ups and downs of an unsettled livelihood. Paul Oliver has captured most of the vital points, and even admits openly the sad fact that, from being hailed as "Empress of the Blues" in 1925, fate had turned its wheel on Bessie to the extent that by 1932 she was reduced to singing near-pornographic numbers to pay her rent.

Bix Beiderbecke only lived to be 28; nevertheless Burnett James finds important factual material to fill some 80 pages of Volume 4, adding to a saga which already provided Dorothy Baker with enough background to justify a full-length novel (*Young Man With A Horn*).

He was, in modern psychological slang, a "mixed-up kid," whose fate was sealed by the 1929 Wall Street crash, an over-long spell of unemployment, and the conventional curse of aspiring jazz musicians, an addiction to alcohol. Beiderbecke's trumpet playing has been an enigma ever since it happened. Mr. James cannot unravel it, any more than I can, but he has at least put it in its proper perspective, and that alone was worth doing.

The presentation of jazz literature in the form which Cassell has adopted is a worthy enterprise, and I look forward to more lightweight reading of a similar nature. Would it be impertinent to suggest that the lives of Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Art Tatum are deserving of attention?

Magie 'Baton'

Trésor 'Pendant'

Trésor 'Tear Drop'

Magie 'Sphere'

Envol 'Amphora'

PERFUME SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

LANCÔME

Flèches d'Or

Phillips-Higgins—Roper-Caldbeck: Janet, daughter of Mr. P. F. Phillips-Higgins, of Wraysbury, Bucks, & Mrs. Pigott, of Maidenhead Thicket, Berks, married Mark, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. R. Roper-Caldbeck, of Garroch, Dalry, at St. Peter's, Vere St.



Beazley—Bowers: Doreen Muriel, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. V. Beazley, of Marine Parade, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, married Raymond Thomas, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Bowers, Fenton House, Ashton Park, co. Cork, at Westminster Cathedral, S.W.1

WEDDINGS



Sykes—Crossley: Carolyn Louise, daughter of the late Mr. L. Grey Sykes, and of Mrs. Sykes, of Queen's Gate, S.W.7, married Lt. Sir Christopher Crossley, Bt., R.N., son of the late Lt.-Comd. & Mrs. N. J. Crossley, & stepson of Mrs. R. W. Ravenhill, of Tortington, Arundel, Sussex, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Mason—Mason: Valerie, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Mason, Meer Hill, Loxley Road, Warwick, married Peter, son of Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Mason, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, at Hampton Lucy Church, Warwickshire



Higham—Macpherson: Deirdre (Mouse), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. S. Higham, of Redgrave, Diss, Norfolk, married Lt. Timothy Macpherson, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr. & Mrs. I. A. Macpherson, of Mount Bures, Essex, at Redgrave Parish Church



D. R. Stuart

Miss Veronica Anstey to Mr. John Charles Beharrell. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. G. Anstey, of Edgbaston, Birmingham. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Beharrell, of Little Aston, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire



Miss Elizabeth Diana Brockman to Mr. Robin David Wivall Norris. She is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. E. St. J. Brockman, West Hill, Abbotswood, Guildford, Surrey. He is the son of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles & Lady Norris, of Warwick Gdns., W.14

ENGAGEMENTS



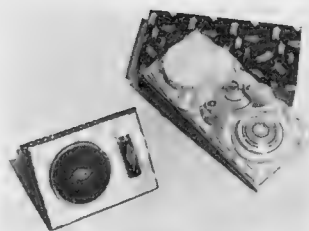
Keith Money

Lady Carey Elizabeth Coke to Mr. Bryan Ronald Basset. She is the second daughter of the Earl & Countess of Leicester, of Holkham, Norfolk. He is the son of Mr. R. L. & Lady Elizabeth Basset, The Lodge House, Hatfield Park, Hertfordshire



Fayer

Miss Caroline Godfrey to Mr. Alan Hamsley. She is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. S. T. Godfrey, & of Mrs. Raymond Tuckey, of Great Brington, Northamptonshire. He is the younger son of the late Mr. A. S. Hamsley, & of Mrs. Hamsley, Newton Park, Turvey, Bedfordshire



BEAUTY

by JEAN CLELAND

The eyes have it

Top: Party-going cream powder compact & matching lipstick case: 19s. 6d., & Number Seven perfume with gold & white porcelain scent spray plus powder bowl: 29s. 6d.

Both from Boots

Middle: Perfumed Mum Rollette costs 5s.

Bottom: Number Seven bath powder in a honey & gold casket: 10s. 6d. from Boots

IT WAS A FRENCHMAN WHO ONCE REMARKED: "AH! THE EYES. THEY tell the tale." The thought was apt; all too clearly the eyes reflect the state of mind and spirit. Gaiety makes them sparkle and look young, fatigue takes away the brightness and ages the whole appearance. But with Christmas party-time approaching you can keep them bright the whole time. Beauty salons have products to deal with most problems. I list a number below.

1. Strained eyes respond to resting the elbows on a table, cupping the hands over the eyes to exclude all light. Continue for five minutes, then give them an eye bath with Helena Rubinstein's *Herbal Lotion*, price: 8s.

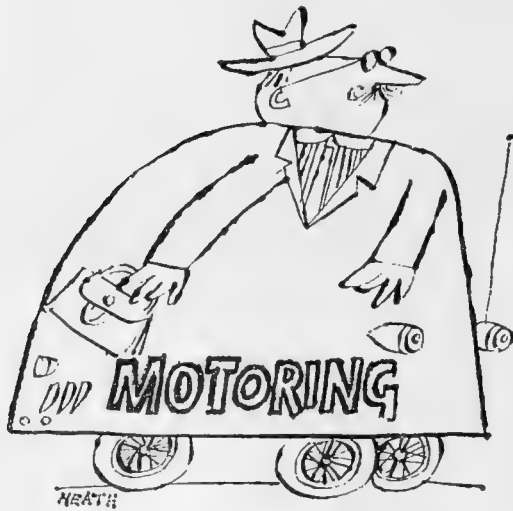
2. Puffiness under the eyes should be treated by cleansing gently with cream. Wipe off and smooth in a thin film of light skin food, to counteract the drying effect. Make two little crescent-shaped pads of cotton wool, wring out in cold water and soak with astringent. Place under the eyes and keep on for five minutes. A light masque, such as Elizabeth Arden's *Velva Cream Masque*, price: 19s. 6d. & 29s. 6d., used about once a week is also effective. Another method is by contrast treatment using two face cloths. Rinse one in cold water, the other in hot, and apply under the eyes alternately. This stimulates the circulation and by bringing the blood to the surface, reduces the puffiness.

3. Tired eyes should first be cleansed, then covered by two thick pads of cotton wool wrung out in cold water and dipped in tonic lotion. Darken the room, or place a dark scarf over the pads, then lie back and rest for at least 15 minutes. If the eyes are tired to the point of being slightly red, substitute the cotton wool and tonic with *Herbal Eye Pads* from Gertrude Hartley, 46 Dover Street, W.1. They cost 10s. 6d. and are excellent for relieving fatigue.

4. Crêpey eyelids, crows feet and wrinkles round the eyes need gentle massage with a rich, light cream. Lancôme's *Adieu Rides* (9s. 9d. for a tube, 15s. the jar) penetrates quickly and is absorbed without stretching the skin. This is important since the fine and sensitive skin round the eyes must be treated gently.

5. Hollows under the eyes need Elizabeth Arden's *Special Eye Cream*, price: 9s. 3d. This rich cream should be patted on thinly and left overnight.

6. To deepen the eyes, pat in a little shadow all over the lids, smoothing it out to nothing towards the eyebrows. Conversely, to disguise deeply-set eyes, keep the shadow close behind the lashes. The easiest way to do this is with Coty's new *Eye Shadow Pencil*, costing 6s. 6d. In a slender golden case, and in iridescent shades—Peacock Blue, Turquoise, Silver Green, Silver Grey and Silver Blue. Finishing touch: several thin coats of Coty *Mascara*, price: 7s. 3d.—more effective than one thick layer.



Hail the taxi

BY GORDON WILKINS

DID YOU ENJOY YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING? Pink Zone, parking meters . . . cars towed away . . . summonses. . . The motorist is having a thin time. But cheer up. Would you like to have free parking spaces reserved for you in the centre of busy thoroughfares? Do you crave immunity from the tow gangs? Would it help to have space reserved for you outside the best hotels and restaurants? Would you like to be able to hold up the traffic by stopping anywhere you please to pick up your passengers, or by making U-turns in the busiest streets? Would you care to buy a brand-new car, free of purchase tax, with automatic transmission, seat adjustable for reach and height, and an official guarantee that it is safe and solidly constructed?

Then buy a taxi.

Of course you may find it difficult to get a licence, and while you are waiting you will have to remove the *For Hire* sign—which will make you liable for 50 per cent purchase tax on the whole vehicle. But that will only emphasize how cosy and bright the future must look to the owners of 6,000 taxis already inside the charmed circle.

The doctor, whose journeys are a matter of life and death, cannot escape purchase tax on his car. Hire-car owners pay tax, and until recently so did the owners of the trucks and vans which do the nation's work. But the taxi-owners are exempt. If I remember rightly, one of their arguments was that a taxi is a specialized and costly vehicle, unsuitable for anything else, and its operators could only be kept in business by giving them privileges denied to everyone else. The cab manufacturers have now demolished that argument by selling the same basic vehicle as a London taxi (tax free) and as a hire car (tax paid); but this is unlikely to affect the special status of the taxi operators. Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian bought a taxi as the quickest way of travelling around London, but even his millions

cannot secure him the privileges of the taxi operator. Everything is going their way, as one of them acknowledged the other day by thanking the Minister of Transport personally.

London is denied free parking on the Paris disc plan, and meters clutter the streets to make the use of private cars both difficult and expensive. The revenue from the meters was to be used for the construction of off-street parking spaces, but the government is scooping it up as income tax and the multi-storey garages remain a myth (as those who remember the Road Fund always knew they would be). All this, at least, is splendid news for the taxi-owners.

Do you remember when the radio sets were taken out of some cabs? People blamed it on the traffic jams and our collective withers were wrung over the plight of the poor taxi-owner, unable to earn a crust of bread for his children because of the selfish private motorists who cluttered up the streets. I mentioned it to one driver and he laughed out loud:

"I'll tell you what the trouble is. The people who hire out the radio sets have been trying to put up the rent. Take it from me the only drivers who can't make a go of it

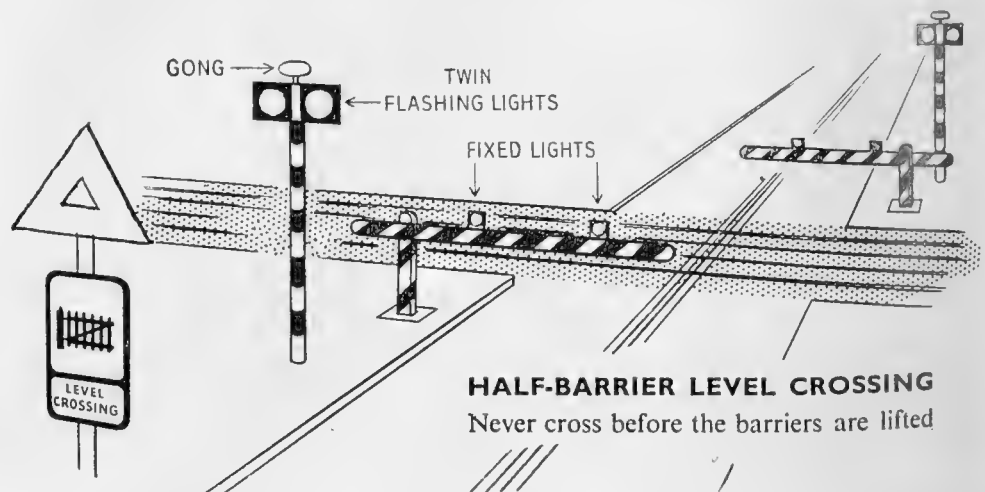
with radio are the lazy and the clueless ones. Saw one the other day standing at the wrong end of a one-way street waiting for the fare to walk down to him. Of course she hailed another cab that was passing and left him high and dry. As soon as there was this talk of taking out radio we lost the two best drivers at our garage. Both making well over 20 quid a week. They went and teamed up with private owners running radio cabs. Bright boys; never miss a trick. I don't care to work that hard myself, but there's plenty in it for those who do."

THE HIGHWAY CODE

The new edition of the Highway Code confirms something that I had heard, but could not bring myself to believe. Amid all the clamour about road casualties and the need for drastic preventive measures, the Ministry of Transport has discovered a new way of killing people. The picture shows what they are pleased to call the "Continental" type of level crossing in which barriers which cover only half the road are worked automatically by the approaching trains. The barriers, we learn, are timed to fall just before a train reaches the crossing.

I have driven in all the five continents—and I drive over 10,000 miles a year on the continent of Europe—but never, I am glad to say, have I encountered a device like this. Picture the scene. The weather is dry and foggy. The signal lights are difficult to see. A vehicle approaches the barrier and the driver is taken by surprise as it drops. He brakes. The driver behind him tries to stop but his wheels find no grip. He swerves wide and skates on to the line just as the train roars through. It may be a private car. It may be a school bus. The nation will be appalled at this totally unforeseeable accident. The House of Lords will call for sterner measures against reckless drivers and Dr. Goodhart will call for a speed limit on M.1.

With motor-vehicle taxes bringing in £1½ millions a day, can we not scrape together the cost of a few feet of steel tube and a few feet of wire to make a proper full-width Continental swinging barrier? What will happen to small children too young to read the Highway Code? Car drivers can at least swerve. Train drivers can't.



C ❄ H ❄ R ❄ I ❄ S ❄ T ❄ M ❄ A ❄ S S ❄ H ❄ O ❄ W ❄ S

I N L O N D O N

Pantomimes:

ALADDIN, Bob Monkhouse, Ronald Shiner, Doretta Morrow, Alan Wheatley (Coliseum, TEM 3161).

HUMPTY DUMPTY, Harry Secombe, Alfred Marks, Svetlova, Sally Smith, Gary Miller (Palladium, GER 7373). Opening tonight.

Children's:

TREASURE ISLAND, Bernard Miles, John Hall, Patrick Crean, Michael Shepley, John Ruddock, David Livesey, John Boxer (Mermaid Theatre, CIT 7656).

PETER PAN, Julia Lockwood, Richard Wordsworth, Patricia Garwood, Russell Thorndike (Scala Theatre, MUS 5731).

ALICE IN WONDERLAND, Delena Scott, Frankie Howerd, Binnie Hale (Winter Garden Theatre, HOL 8881). 26 December.

HANSEL & GRETEL, Marion Studholme, Patricia Bartlett, Anna Polak, Sheila Rex, John Hargreaves (Sadler's Wells Opera, TER 1672/3). 26 December, 2 January.

BEAUTY & THE BEAST, Michael Atkinson, Lesley Nunnerley, Gillan Muir, Stanley Beard (Arts Theatre Club, TEM 3334). Tonight.

BILLY BUNTER FLIES EAST, Gerald Champion, Bernadette Miles, Michael Anthony (Victoria Palace, matinées. VIC 1317).

SOOTY'S CHRISTMAS SHOW, Harry Corbett & Sooty, Vic Sanderson, Myster-e, The Terry Juveniles, The Sooty Sweethearts (Palace Theatre, matinées. GER 6834).

NODDY IN TOYLAND, Jerry Verno, Peter Elliott, Jonathan Collins, Thelma Grayston, Tony Sympson, Richard Huggett, Robert Craig, Leslie Sarony (Prince's Theatre, matinées. TEM 6596). Today.

Musical melodrama:

THE DEMON BARBER, Roy Godfrey, Barbara Howitt, Maureen Hartley, Raymond Cooke, Barry Humphries (Lyric, Hammersmith, RIV 4432).

Circus:

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS (Olympia, FUL 3333).

Ice show:

HOLIDAY ON ICE—1960 (Empire Pool, Wembley, WEM 1234). 26 December.

Ballet:

CINDERELLA, The Royal Ballet (Fonteyn, Beriosova, Nerina, Linden). (Royal Opera House, COV 1066.) Tonight.

THE NUTCRACKER, London's Festival Ballet (Belinda Wright, Marilyn Burr, Jeannette Minty; John Gilpin, Louis Godfrey, André Prokovsky). (Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191.) 26 December.

H O L I D A Y F A V O U R I T E S

Musicals:

MY FAIR LADY, Anne Rogers, Alec Clunes, James Hayter, Hugh Paddick, Zena Dare (Drury Lane, TEM 8108. Ticket-holders only. Bookings now are for April-May 1960).

WEST SIDE STORY, Don McKay, Marlys Watters, George Chakiris, Ken Le Roy (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606).

IRMA LA DOUCE, Elizabeth Seal, John Neville (Lyric Theatre, GER 3686/7).

MAKE ME AN OFFER, Daniel Massey, Dilys Laye, Martin Miller, Diana Coupland (New Theatre, TEM 3878).

"WHEN IN ROME . . ." Dickie Henderson,

June Laverick (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611). 26 December.

Revue:

PIECES OF EIGHT, Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663).

SALAD DAYS, Virginia Vernon, Lloyd Pearson, Derek Holmes (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871).

CLOWN JEWELS, The Crazy Gang (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317).

Shakespeare:

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Maggie Smith, Moyra Fraser, Joss Ackland (Old Vic, WAT 7616).

Thrillers:

THE SOUND OF MURDER, Elizabeth Sellars, Peter Cushing, Patricia Jessel (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404).

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST, Nigel Stock, Mary Hinton, Jane Griffiths (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243).

THE MOUSETRAP, Anthony Oliver, Anna Barry (Ambassadors Theatre, TEM 1171).

Farce:

SIMPLE SPYMEN, Brian Rix, Leo Franklyn (Whitehall Theatre, WHI 6692).

DINING IN

Try this new filling

BY HELEN BURKE

IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT NEARLY EVERYONE has a favourite stuffing which will, as usual, go into the turkey this year, I would like to give my new-to-me one. I tasted it for the first time early this year and have been using it in both chickens and pheasants ever since. One of the good things about it is that, if there is too much for the bird, the left-over stuffing can be put in the refrigerator and brought out to use with the last bits of the turkey.

For a moderate-sized bird—say, round about 14 lb.—pick over 12 oz. to 1 lb. rice and rub it well in a clean linen cloth. Melt 4 oz. (or more) butter in a large frying-pan and fry 3 to 5 rashers of smoked streaky bacon, cut into strips. Add the rice and turn it about for a minute or so over a moderate heat to coat it well with the fat.

Add a large chopped Spanish onion and continue to fry until both it and the rice take on a translucent appearance. Cover with about an inch of hot, well-seasoned giblet stock and 1 to 2 claret glasses of dry white wine. Cook over a low heat until the moisture has been absorbed. Taste and

season further if required. (The rice at this stage will not be cooked through.) Add a little more butter, in small pieces, and let it melt through.

Meanwhile, cut the turkey liver into slices, simmer in a little butter, chop fine and, when cold, add to the cold rice together with a small can of *pâté de foie* finely sliced, 1 to 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered thyme. Fill the body of the bird loosely with this stuffing.

Now for some last-minute thoughts on cookery books for Christmas presents.

Just arrived is the gourmet's long-awaited **Old Vienna Cookbook**, a Viennese memoir, by Lillian Langseth-Christensen (Hamish Hamilton, 75s.). I plan to spend much of the holiday revelling in it because it is so readable and, judging by the Viennese dishes I know, authentic. From its cost, you will realize that it is a book of generous proportions. The coloured photographs are excellent while, scattered through the book, are Leo R. Summers's beautiful pen drawings.

The Mistress Cook, by Peter Gray (Faber & Faber, 30s.), is a book to read and follow. Mr. Gray travels the world and his journeyings are very readable.

The *Alice B. Toklas Cook Book* was tremendously well received when it first appeared and now there is another by the same author, **Aromas And Flavours** (Michael Joseph, 21s.). The following "Meat Loaf in My Fashion" is a wonderful dish to set before a party of teenagers:

Place in a bowl 1 cup bread which has been soaked in white wine to cover and then

squeezed dry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cubed calves' liver, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cubed lean veal, 1 cup cubed lean pork, 1 diced onion, 2 shallots, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cubed raw mushrooms, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, the zest of $\frac{1}{2}$ medium-sized orange, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon powdered bay leaf, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon powdered thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered basil. Blend 1 or 2 cupfuls at a time. To the last batch, after it is quite smooth, add 2 eggs and blend another minute or two. Mix everything well in the bowl.

Butter generously a fireproof earthenware dish; place the mixture in it, forming into a loaf with a knife frequently dipped into melted butter. Then spread over it 6 tablespoons melted butter, covering the sides as well as the top. Bake in 450 deg. F. oven (gas mark 8). After $\frac{1}{4}$ hour, pour into the dish around the loaf $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine and 1 cup beef bouillon. Baste every $\frac{1}{4}$ hour, and after $\frac{3}{4}$ hour remove. It can now be served as it is or served cold, but is delicious covered with mashed potatoes.



GREAT PROGENITORS

The undimmed Cecils

BY L. G. PINE

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID THAT AFTER the Roses had fought out their quarrel, a Norman baron was as rare as a wolf in England. In fact many old patrician families did survive the Wars of the Roses; but they no longer had political power or armed retainers, and under the Tudor kings a new nobility began to rise. Foremost among these was the mighty Cecil family. To this day the two main lines of this great house are represented by noble lines in the peerage. The Marquess of Exeter is the senior line, and the Marquess of Salisbury the junior. The first derives from the elder son of the great Lord Burghley while Salisbury comes from Robert, the younger half-brother of the first Earl of Exeter.

But what was the origin of the family? This has been long debated, and it is fair to say that in the final analysis the Cecils were of

much humbler origin than their baronial predecessors who were the creations of the Plantagenets. William Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burghley, was born at Bourne, Lincolnshire, in 1520. His father was Richard Cysell (a spelling still preserved in the pronunciation of the name), who was an officer of the Court at the time of Henry VIII. He was a member of the family of Sysilt whose pedigree is given in the Visitations of Herefordshire, at least in a rudimentary form. Burghley himself was interested in the possibility of Norman ancestry. So were most of the great Renaissance Tudor lords, who seemed to think that descent from some rough, illiterate person 500 years before was more honourable than the skill and diligence with which they had made their own way to the top.

Whatever their origin, the Cecils

were certainly obscure before the time of Lord Burghley, Elizabeth I's counsellor, and probably the only man whose opinion she valued and acted upon. Not only was Burghley the greatest statesman of his age but he deliberately trained his sons to take his place. To his elder son (whose mother was Mary Cheke, daughter of the great scholar Sir John Cheke) he bequeathed a great fortune and what might be called the reversion to an earldom, for Burghley himself was never higher in the peerage than a barony. Thomas Cecil, the elder son, became in 1605 the first Earl of Exeter. The marquessate did not come until 1801.

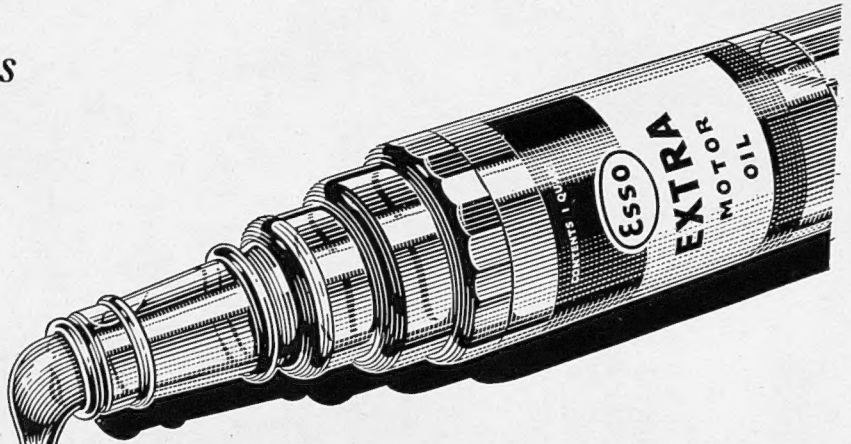
It was to Burghley's younger son, half-brother of Thomas, that the full measure of Burghley's abilities descended. This Robert, a deformed man, but a most able intellect, was Secretary of State for the first decade of James I's reign. He guided that erratic king safely through the mazes of English politics, and it was not until his death that James began to prepare ruin for his son Charles I by deliberately ousting sound statesmanship in favour of young and handsome hangers-on. Robert Cecil became Earl of Salisbury, and a marquessate was bestowed in 1789 on the seventh Earl.

There the Cecil story might have ended but for the extraordinary ability which gave lustre beyond peerage honours to the family. Generation after generation the Cecils have shone brilliantly in state affairs. The fourth Marquess as Prime Minister, and the present Marquess as holder of many important state offices have shown a phenomenon rare indeed in aristocratic annals, the continuance of a great strain undiminished over centuries.

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